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DEACONS SWEARING

Membership in Church no Bar to Profanity.

OPINION OF PAP PERKINS

Two Deacons Get into an Altercation Over a Trivial Matter and Fight It Out by Rounds, Interspersed With Choice Epithets and Profanity.

SEVERAL events have happened since the town of Jericho was founded to shake it from center to circumference, but nothing ever produced greater excitement than Deacon Hardman's lawsuit against Deacon Goodhue. Both were steady old men who were looked up to by the community, and they had been friends for years.

One day Deacon Goodhue borrowed the other's hoe to work in the garden and a few minutes later broke it off



THEN THERE THEY CLASHED AND BOLLED ON THE GRASS TOGETHER.

at the shank. While he contended that it was old and rusty and ready to break, he offered to buy a new one to replace it. Much to his surprise, he was allowed to do so, and he went home to say to his wife:

"Martha, I've known Deacon Hardman for thirty years and have just found him out. He's a human hog and if he ever goes to heaven I want to go somewhere else."

For two weeks after that the two deacons nodded coldly to each other whenever they met, and it gradually became known to Jericho that their relations were strained. Then one morning Deacon Goodhue set out to drive five hogs over to the weighing scales. He had to pass the other deacon's house, and as he came along the gate was open and all the hogs made a rush for it. He was trying to drive them out of Deacon Hardman's yard when the latter came out and said:

"By gum, Deacon Goodhue, but this is goin' too far—too far! You opened that gate and driv your hogs in on me a-purpose!"

"I never did, and you know I didn't," retorted Deacon Goodhue as he paused in his running.

"Yes, you did."

"No, I didn't."

"Do you call me a liar?"

"Yes, if you call me one!"

"Take it back or I'll mop the ground with you!"

"Come out here and I'll make you see stars!"

Then and there the deacons clinched and rolled on the grass together, and they were choking each other and breathing hard when Moses Schemerhorn came along and separated them. Deacon Hardman went straight to Justice Somerfield and swore out a warrant for assault and battery, and two days later the trial came off, and Jericho had a sensation to beat a landslide or a volcano.

Both men had their friends and the public was divided. The only person who had witnessed the fracas was Deacon Hardman's wife, but there were other witnesses sworn.

Old Mrs. Taylor swore that she had always suspected Deacon Goodhue to be a man of violent temper and that he only needed to be kicked to become a murderer. Moses Hunt was a mile away that morning looking for his cow, but he swore that Deacon Hardman was the sort of man to lose his temper and do awful things if he found a strange hog rooting up his hollyhocks. Abner Crossman, who had known both parties for thirteen years, swore that he had known Deacon Goodhue to fall off a haystack, get mixed in a swamp and fight bumblebees for half an hour without losing the smile on his face, and he could not believe that he had begun this fuss. Opposed to him was Trueheart Johnson, who said he had seen Deacon Hardman kicked head over heels by a cow, run over by a hog and knocked down by a ram and that he preserved a humble spirit throughout and even asked the cow to forgive him if he had hurt her feelings.

Mrs. Hardman's testimony was that she was washing the dishes after breakfast when she heard her husband give a grunt and rush from the house.

She followed him to the door and heard and saw all that subsequently passed, though in such a nervous state that she could not be sure of anything. She felt almost sure that Deacon Goodhue said "by gum" and "devil" and "old crank," but she wouldn't be positive of it. She was almost as sure that her husband started to sing a hymn and made some Scriptural quotation, but she might have been mistaken. She was not sure who grabbed the other first, but she could swear on the living Bible that they had trodden all the cucumbers into the earth and broken down most of her tiger lilies. She ended by saying that she had had rheumatism for twenty-six years and that when-

ever she returned a cup of borrowed sugar she always heaped the measure up.

It took two days to try the case, and meanwhile all business, including the sawmill, was suspended. There was no jury, and when almost everybody in town had sworn on one side or the other Justice Somerfield put on his most dignified look and said:

"This case seems to go back to the hoe and to Deacon Goodhue's garden. Was there any need of the deacon working in his garden that day? What had become of his own hoe? Was the borrowed hoe rusty in the shank or was it not? If Deacon Goodhue had not hit a stone with it would it have broken? He offered to buy a new hoe to replace the old one, but wasn't he hoping that Deacon Hardman would refuse it? Deacon Hardman had had that hoe for ten long years, and was he glad that it was broken and that he had a chance to get a new one in its place?"

"Then there were the hogs. Any man who had ever set out to drive one hog along the road, to say nothing about five, knew that the animal wouldn't go straight for a rod at a time. He couldn't spy a hole in the fence without wanting to see if it was a fit. He wouldn't be a hog to pass an open gate without making a rush for the opening."

"Then the deacons confronted each other. They were feeling edgeways about the hoe, and it was to be inferred that it didn't take much to get their backs up. As to whether the lie was actually given and who gave it first is a matter in doubt. The same is true as to who grabbed first, but there can be no possible doubt that many cucumbers and tiger lilies were destroyed and that Deacon Hardman emerged from the conflict with a skinned nose. Taken full and by and back and forth, it was about an even thing. The costs will be divided between them, business resumed at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning, and if either has any hard cider in the cellar he will be expected to treat the other, and both make up and let hoes and hogs go to grass forever more." M. QUAD.

Giving Him the Facts.

A young man with a swelled head made a peremptory demand for an increase in salary. The head of the concern did not dispute his argument that he had done much to build up the business of the firm, but tried to convince the young man that every one's position could be filled.

"Suppose, for instance," said he, "you should die. Some one would take your place."

"Oh," replied the young man, "that is a supposition."

"Then you may suppose yourself discharged," was the answer of the employer, "and you will find that is a hard fact."—New York Press.

A Lady of Importance.

After a panic stricken search Dorothy's mother had found her three-year-old seated in state in the village station with her doll held tightly in her arms.

"Why, Dorothy, you naughty little girl, to get lost!" scolded her mother. Dorothy drew herself up with a fine assumption of dignity. "I'm not lost," she insisted. "I know where I am; I am a big lady, with my baby, waiting to take the train."

The Instrument They Use.

"Haven't you got any toothpicks?" asked the tourist in the Arizona restaurant.

"Toothpick?" queried the cashier. "What's the matter? Didn't the waiter give ye a fork?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Literary Phrase.

"Let me introduce you to that debutante," said the hostess. "She is a poem."

"Yes," answered the eligible man. "I feel that she is one of the poems I ought to know."—Washington Star.

Clever.

Foreigner—Why do you call him your cleverest millionaire?
American—Oh, he has originated so many sensational ways of spending his money.—Brooklyn Life.

His Maxim Good.

The game was proverbs, and when it was four-year-old Harold's turn he offered, "It is never too late for men."—New York Globe.

Ideal.

We are moving, we are moving! Need I mention all our woe? I will simply say the measure Presses down and overflows.

I have heard some folks complaining in a manner most unwise. That they cannot take their treasures To their mansions in the skies.

But the fact that we take nothing Seems to me the best of all— Just to move and find your hale On the hattrack in the hall. —Brooklyn Life.

CHILDREN TRAINING

Bachelor Attempts to Dictate to Mothers.

NEVER HAD ANY BUT KNOWS

Believes the Mothers of the County Have no Proper Conception of the Proper Training and Education of Their Sons and Daughters.

A bachelor of observation is authority for the statement that no more than half the mothers in civilization bring up their children properly. Does a mother slap, cuff or jerk the tender little beings confided to her care? Does she use abusive language to them? Does she break her promises to them? Does she scare them into fits by telling them the policeman or the big, bad man will come and carry them off if they do not obey her? Does she ever tell them a lie? Does she allow their sweet little bodies to become untidy? Then that woman is not fit to have children, no matter who or what she is, declares the bachelor. Boys learn rudeness and violence from their own mothers. How can they be other than ill bred, destructive young savages? Little girls hear their mothers tell petty falsehoods; they hear her scold violently; they see her rude, impolite and untidy in her own family circle. How, then, can these little girls become sweet tempered, sincere, neat and high bred women? Are the sons of Quaker mothers ever found among the gangs of young street ruffians? I am reporting still the opinions of the wise bachelor. So fully convinced is he of the truth of all this that he is sure it would be a step forward for the race if the training of little children were taken out of the hands of their mothers and given to women who have made a scientific study of it. The scientific rearing of children is quite compatible with love and tenderness, with good manners, good temper and good morals. So says the bachelor.

Don't let us put on airs, not any of us. It is quite possible if we could trace our distinguished family back only two or three removes that we would come upon a grandfather who picked his teeth with a fork.

Nothing will wake the women of Russia to the need of their sex participating in public affairs like the human war against Japan, with grand dukes driving woman's best beloved to be slaughtered for a quarrel whose cause they do not know. Not long since the women of Moscow sent to Empress Alix a petition begging her to try to stop the war. It is one of the most pathetic documents on record. "Oh, sovereign," it said, "mothers whose hearts are breaking cannot remain silent. Our best forces are perishing."

The Russian revolutionist party in its manifesto to the emperor made demand for a "universal equal and secret ballot for male and female citizens." Put that down to the credit of the Russian revolutionists.

Italy has a woman orchestra leader of distinction. Her name is Palmira Orso. Recently she led the orchestra during a great performance of the opera "Ernani" at Livorno.

I don't know who wrote the story or I would give her credit. I am sure it was a woman. Once a gentleman and his wife spent considerable time studying American Indian life and customs. During a walk they saw an Indian chief's family "moving."

The chief himself stalked ahead, majestic as an eagle. He was an exceedingly cheery chief. He stuck up his chin and threw out his breast as if he owned the universe. "See how splendidly that chief carries himself," said the gentleman. "Yes," replied the lady, "and see how splendidly his wife carries that stove!"

In the vast and varied field of industrial electricity are many openings for women. From the running of an electrical engine to the manufacture of electrical instruments there is employment for the woman who has qualified herself to do it.

Have you noted recently the number of alleged wise men who feel a call to lay down the law as to the proper sphere and duties of women? Such would be authorities on women folk are plentiful as grand dukes in Russia. How many years, pray, have these men been women that they should know all about it? Let them wait till they themselves have been women awhile before taking it on themselves to instruct the feminine sex as to what its sphere is. Stupendous is the conceit of the masculine being!

One of the most promising signs of the times is the sight of young, wealthy and beautiful women on every hand turning from the empty pleasures of fashion and society to take on themselves solid, useful work for the improvement of the world.

rant and unfortunate. Never before were so many rich women engaged in real philanthropic work, not mere ostentatious charity. Early these have discovered that no lasting happiness can be found outside of useful work.

Note.—Professor James H. Tufts of the co-ed University of Chicago asks his class in ethics the following pertinent questions: "Do you tell white lies?" "Do you tell harmless but outlandish and untrue stories?" "Do you hand your fare to the conductor after he has passed you without seeing you?" Do you?

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.



The prize contest in Indiana lodges for good attendance is proving a success and bringing the members together in weekly conventions. The prizes for the best average attendance for the term are: For the C. C., a diamond studded charm valued at \$115; for the K. of H. and S., a diamond studded charm valued at \$85; for the M. of F., a diamond studded charm valued at \$50.

Recent reports show the endowment rank is growing in the Indian Territory as never before in its history.

Welcome lodge of Muncie, Ind., recently dedicated a new castle hall and on that occasion initiated a class of 100 candidates.

The endowment rank is in a flourishing condition and enjoying a substantial growth. It has resources in excess of liabilities of \$887,000.

A class of 100 candidates was recently initiated in Buffalo, N. Y.

Ladies of the Modern Maccabees. New Hives have been instituted in Butte, Mont.; Seattle, Wash.; East Toledo, O., and Taylorville, Ill.

Hive No. 570 of Rock Island, Ill., recently initiated a class of twenty candidates.

Two new hives were recently instituted in Cincinnati, O.

Royal Neighbors of America. Recent reports show the Royal Neighbors have a beneficial membership in good standing of 86,000.

The Illinois Jurisdiction now has a beneficial membership of over 21,000.

A Chance. Her loveliness compelling Threw me into a trance, And I eagerly accepted When she offered me a chance.

And though she offered other men A chance I didn't care, For she was selling chances On a raffle at a fair. —Judge.

Cleared for Action.

When the body is cleared for action, by Dr. King's New Life Pills, you can tell it by the bloom of health on the cheeks; the brightness of the eyes; the firmness of the flesh and muscles; the buoyancy of the mind. Try them. At Chas. Rogers' drug store, 25 cents.

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Women from the very first have fully appreciated the purity and sweetness, the power to afford immediate relief, the certainty of speedy and permanent cure, the absolute safety and great economy which have made Cuticura the standard humor remedy of the civilized world.

TORTURING HUMOR

Cured by Cuticura.

"I suffered five years with a terrible itching eczema, my body and face being covered with sores. Never in my life did I experience such awful suffering, and I longed for death, which I felt was near. I had tried doctors and medicines without success, but my mother insisted that I try Cuticura. I felt better after the first application of Cuticura Ointment, and was soon entirely well. Mrs. A. Eison, Bellevue, Mich.

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